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O D E

ON LEAVING

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

[Price 1 s.]



O D E

TO A

F R I E N D,

ON OUR LEAVING, TOGETHER,

SOUTH-CAROLINA. *K*

WRITTEN IN JUNE 1780.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXXIII.



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The following Ode flowed from Feelings, and was dictated by Occasion; what of Correctness it hath since attained, is partly owing to the elegant Pen of an admired Female Author: And the Ninth Stanza is so eminently distinguished from the rest, that Readers of Taste will, I fear, be at no Loss in ascribing it, wholly, to the Abilities of a different, and far superior Writer.

It will at once be perceived, that I have adopted the Stanza of HAYLEY'S charming Ode to Mr. HOWARD; and I much wish it could be added, I had stolen some Portion of its Fire, to animate this Performance.

ADVERTISING



O D E

ON LEAVING

SOUTH - CAROLINA.

I.

FRRIEND of my inmost heart, oh! say,
Whilst wand'ring o'er this torrid clime,
What joys have mark'd each rapid day?
What sorrows check'd the race of Time?
From thee fell Care has wing'd her flight,
Banish'd by Mirth and clear Delight:
To glad thy more than friendly bower
Keen Wit, and chastest Humor urge their power;
And Truth, and Sense preside, t' approve the festive hour.

II. What

II.

What tho' fierce Discord hovers round,
 Tho' War's shrill clarion pierce the ear,
 Tho' Carnage purples all the ground,
 And Desolation frowns severe ;
 Yet still, to bless these war-worn plains,
 When blind Distrust no longer reigns,
 And scowling Hatred hides his head,
 Behold ! the hospitable board is spread ;
 And Beauty's rosy smiles their genial influence shed.

III.

Perish the man whose narrow'd heart
 Can bound the limits of his kind ;
 But to one realm wou'd bliss impart,
 And, but to that, contracts his mind !
 Blest be the soul, that kindling glows
 To heighten joys, to lessen woes ;
 Whose wide beneficence supplies
 To Zembla's frosts, and Gambia's parching skies,
 The fires that gladden life, the springs whence pleasures rise !

IV.

Yet still, unswerv'd, the Patriot's breast
 Burns to exalt his native land ;
 For this he shuns ignoble rest,
 For this he nerves his daring hand ;
 But, tho' his heart to glory swells,
 There ev'ry gentler virtue dwells,
 That gives Humanity a grace,
 That binds, by mutual charities, our race,
 Or gains, on Nature's roll, for Man superior place.

V.

Such, in Oppression's dreary reign,
 With manly feelings, RUSSEL rose,
 Indignant spurn'd the tyrant's chain,
 And check'd fair Freedom's subtle foes :
 With soften'd firmness, Roman zeal,
 He bleeds to save the Public-weal,
 Nor for his country fears to die ;
 Yet, tho' his breast to Liberty beats high,
 His RACHEL claims a tear, his CAVENDISH a sigh.

B

VI. Say

VI.

Say now, my Lucrus ! tho' we grieve
 When error shrouds the human mind ;
 And wish our country to relieve
 From hostile fons, to freedom blind,
 Shall those who rise to guard her laws,
 Disgrace the gen'rous, patriot cause ;
 By too much rigor o'er such foes
 Extend Contention's aggravated woes ;
 Spread civil horrors wide, and all their ills disclose ?

VII.

No ! rather let kind Friendship deck
 With flow'ry wreaths the brow of War ;
 With gentle hand, ah ! rather check
 The fiery courfers of his car ;
 With sportive dalliance rather still
 The headstrong fury of his will :
 Nor can such gen'rous efforts fail
 Where kindred ties the yielding heart assail,
 But blooming Peace restor'd the blisful hour shall hail.

VIII. Then

VIII.

Then social charms again shall rise,
 In all their wonted splendor bright ;
 Those charms, which thro' these low'ring skies
 Can dart the rays of clearer light :
 Then Chearfulness and Love shall twine
 The olive-branch round Concord's shrine,
 And Joy on all her influence shed—
 But, ah ! to such extatic transports dead,
 The child of Afric mourns, and sighing droops his head.

IX.

No rising hope of better days
 Pervades the dark impervious cloud,
 That hovers o'er his dreary ways,
 Of peace and joy the deadly shroud ;
 That e'en in love's assuaging draught,
 Sheds poisons of corrosive thought ;
 Which, from reflection's sharpest pain,
 Relentless, to the babe unborn ordain
 Oppression's fiery rod, and hard, eternal chain.

X.

O! torment to each tender soul
 To view the sombre sons of Grief
 Toil in the shackles of control,
 And ceaseless pine without relief;
 To hear the captive's endless moan,
 The taunt of pow'r, the suff'ring groan;
 To see the hand of Freedom wave,
 Aloft, the scorpion lash that rules the slave;
 To see all this, and more, yet not have force to save!

XI.

But yet, my friend, some few are found,
 'Twill still thy too responsive heart,
 Who, 'mid hard Rigor's thorny ground,
 The balm of pity can impart;
 Some few, whose breasts, alive to woe,
 Each tender sympathy bestow;
 Such ne'er depress the free-born mind;
 By realms, by modes, by colour unconfin'd,
 Their bounty beams on all, the patrons of mankind.

XII. So

XII.

So shines my LAURA'S angel face,
 Illum'd by sentiment and wit;
 Where Freedom dwells, with ev'ry grace,
 And frolic Fancy joys to sit.
 Bright round her shines her raven hair,
 The halo of this solar star:
 Bright shine her eyes, which, glancing fire,
 Kindle the warmest raptures of my lyre,
 And light the purest flame, that beauty can inspire.

XIII.

Yet not the radiance of those charms,
 Altho' so eminently bright,
 Cou'd rouse my soul to such alarms,
 Cou'd dazzle thus my trembling sight;
 Nor yet, that dignity of mien,
 With ev'ry milder grace serene;
 But that her mind, with cloudless ray,
 Lights the charm'd spirit thro' each blooming way,
 Where Friendship, Taste, and Truth, their vivid tints
 display.

XIV. This

XIV.

This spell shall foil the pow'r of Time,
 Whilst worlds of waters roll in vain;
 It flings, in scorn of distant clime,
 O'er seas and shores its rosy chain:
 Tho' oft it throb with many a smart,
 Ne'er let it quit this flutt'ring heart,
 'Till all its passions are refin'd
 By that pure fire, of the ethereal kind,
 Which warms her artless breast, and gilds her spotless mind.

XV.

Whilst thus my daring passions aim
 To snatch from Love Promethean fire,
 Thy kindred soul asserts its claim
 To all the raptures of the lyre;
 Let then thy LAURA share this fame,
 Alike in beauty as in name;
 And when from them we distant stray,
 Shall then this glimm'ring, faint, reflected ray,
 Recall their matchless charms, to cheer our tedious way?

XVI.

Yes! then, my friend, to Fancy's eye
Their lovely forms shall float sublime;
And when their virtues we descry,
Our souls ambitiously will climb
Beyond the dull pursuits of life;
Above its cares, above its strife:
Be they the stars, that, glowing bright,
Dispel the murky mists of mental night,
Direct our wayward course, and shed celestial light!

F I N I S.

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XV

Lead them, my friend, to some
Their lovely forms shall find
And when their wishes are
Our love's ambition will climb
Beyond the dull purgatory of life;
Above its cares, above its strife;
Be they the stars, that glowing bright
Dispel the murky mists of mental night
Direct our wayward course, and shed celestial light!

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